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LEONA.

BY JAS. G. CLARK.

Leona, the hour-drawn night,
The hour we draw to long,
For the first time to open a door through thick sky,
That may spirit may break from its prison
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Come o'er me with peace-giving breath,
I dream of the heaven to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom
Of light.

That leads the river of death,
A vision full solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning land;
I saw the white shroud which the pale water
And I heard the low toll as they broke at
their feet.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their day with a strange and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than
spring.

And the dead ones away like a sparrow to
sing
In a clime where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And tell me how it was;
The same tale that thrilled me in days that
are dead.

And raise the lost robes of youth from the
dead,
Can't you brighten the brief moments now.

We loved from the cold world apart,
And your trust was too genuine and true
For their hate to overthrow; when the slum-
bering
Was raptured down in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than life to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ in the future will blossom to life,
And we kiss
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith and I taught
That my love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ in the future will blossom to life,
And we kiss
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

Leona, look forth and behold;
The day which surrenders its banners of gold,
The twilight advances through woodland
and
The dew is beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
Down the broad breast of mountains
and
The sun's golden rays again shall be furled
On the wings of the west, over the plains of
gold.

Oh, come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with willow flowers the soil;
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and uninteresting at home among
their children. If they have not men-
tal activity and mental stores sufficient
for both, let them first use what they
have for their own household. A sil-
ent house is a dull place for young
people, a place from which they will
escape if they can. How much useful
information, on the other hand, is of-
ten given in pleasant family conver-
sation, and what unconscious but excel-
lent mental training in lively social
argument. Cultivate to the utmost all
the graces of home conversation.

Round Dances.
In the beginning, we will stop the
charge of ignorance or prejudice by
stating that we are perfectly familiar
with all kinds of dances, and that we
like very much to engage in such am-
usement, when properly con-
ducted. But we have with great inter-
est watched the effects of the round
dances, which are fun to the young
men, but have no sisters or friends, and
are the cause of hours of unhappiness
to many a sweet girl. Simple dances,
such as cotillions, are very pleasant,
and should be encouraged among our
young people by parents giving select
parties at their private residences,
where everything will be under their
immediate supervision, and where the
immoralizing in their tendencies and
should not be allowed. They should
not be contented in good society
where parents love and respect their
daughters. The practice is less frequent
in small country towns than in the
larger towns and cities. Let any sen-
sible man of fortune, who has a large
estate, and whose beautiful dancing
whirls in the mazy dance, the
fingers of her right hand locked in
those of her associate's left hand, both
arms out at right angles, her right
arm and hand folded upon his left
shoulder and her beautiful face for-
ward resting snugly upon her arm or
young lady who are not and are not
upon his breast, his hand, if he has any
of his monstrous resting gently against
her dimpled cheek; would he feel ex-
actly right?

Would he not feel and know the im-
propriety of such a situation in a mu-
nicipal hall? If he had a just regard for
intimacy and one that should never be
assumed between a young man and
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